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GARLAND
OF
NEW SONGS.

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Sweet Willy o' the Green.
The Yorkshire Concert.
The Yorkshire Irishman.
The Woodland Maid.



Newcastle upon Tyne:
Printed by J. Marshall, in the Old Flesh-Market.
*Where may also be had, a large and interesting Collection
of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.*

Sweet Willy o' the Green.

ON Tay's sweet pleasant banks,
Where so carelessly I stray'd,
They call'd me bonny Bell,
Once the winsome laughing Maid,
My time I spent in vain,
I sang frae morn till e'en,
When first I gain'd the charms
O' sweet Willy o' the Green,
Wi' his een sae bright, shines wi' delight,
Nane dance or pipe like Willy,
The Shepherd's art has won my heart,
I sigh for bonny Willy, I sigh for bonny
Willy.

He dances wi' his lass,
And he sings wi' muckle glee,
He never talks of love,
But he sighs and looks at me
I ken he lo'es me weel,
I ken weel by his een,
That soon I shall be blest'd,
Wi' sweet Willy o' the Green,
Wi' his een sae bright, &c.

At kirk or o' the green,
O he looks sae like a laird,
Nae lad that e'er was teen,
Can be wi' him compar'd.

The lasses like him weel,
 They praise his sparkling een;
 And they cock their caps to gain
 Sweet Willy o' the Green,
 Wi' his een sae bright, &c.

The Yorkshire Concert.

IZE a Yorkshireman just come to town,
 And my coming to town was a gay day,
 For fortune has here set me down,
 Waiting gentlemen to a fine lady,
 My lady gives galas and routs,
 And her treats of the town are the talks
 here,
 But nothing Ize seen hereabouts
 Equals one that was given in Yorkshire.
 Ri tol, &c.

Johnny Fig was a green and white grocer,
 In business as brisk as an eel, fir;
 None than John to his shop could stick
 closer,
 But his wife thought it quite ungenteel, fir.
 Her neighbours resolv'd to cut out,
 And astonish the rustic parishoners,
 She invited them all so a rout, fir,
 And ax'd all the village musicianers.
 Ri tol, &c.

The company met gay as larks, fir,
 Drawn forth all as fine as blown roses,
 The concert commenced with the Clerk, fir,
 Who chaunted the Vicar and Moses.
 The Barber sung Gallery of wigs, fir;
 The Gemmen all said 'twas the dandy;
 And the ladies encor'd Johnny Fig, fir,
 Who volunteer'd Drops of Brandy.
 Ri tol, &c.

The Baker he sung a good batch,
 While the Lawyer, for harmony willling,
 With the Bailiff he join'd in the catch,
 And the the notes of the Butchers were
 killing.
 The Wheelwright he put in his spoke,
 The Schoolmaster flogg'd on with furor,
 The Coalman he play'd the Black Joke,
 And the Fishwoman sung a Bravura.
 Ri tol, &c.

To strike the assembly with wonder,
 Miss screams a Quintette loud as Bo-
 reas,
 Soon awak'd farmer Thrasher's dog
 Thunder,
 Who, starting up, join'd in the chorus.

While a Donkey, the melody making,
 Chim'd in too, which made a wag say, fir,
 Attend to the Rector of Barking's
 Duet with the Vicar of Bray, fir.
 Ri tol, &c.

A brine tub, half full of beef salted,
 Madam Fig had trick'd out for a feat, fir,
 Where the Taylor to sing was exalted,
 But the cov'ring crack'd under his feet, fir.
 Snip was fous'd in the brine, but soon rising,
 Baul'd out, while they laugh'd at his
 grief, fir,
 Is it a matter so monstrous surpriling,
 To see pickled cabbage with beef, fir,
 Ri tol, &c,

To a Ball after the Concert gave way,
 And for dancing no soul could be riper;
 So struck up the Devil to Pay,
 While Johnny Fig paid the Piper;
 But the best thing came after the Ball,
 For to finish the whole with perfection,
 Madam Fig ax'd the Gentlesfolks all
 To sup of a cold Collection.
 Ri tol, &c.

The Yorkshire Irishman.

MY father was once a great marchant,
 As any in Ireland was found,
 But faith he could never save a shilling,
 Tho' tatoes he sold by the pound;
 So, says he to my mother, one night,
 To England suppose you and I go,
 And the very next day, by moonlight,
 They took leave of the county of Sligo.
 Fal de ral, &c.

That the land is all covered with water,
 'Twixt England and Ireland, you'll own;
 And single misfortunes, they say,
 To Irishmen never come alone:
 So my father, poor man! was first drown'd,
 Then shipwreck'd in sailing from Cork,
 But my mother,—she got safe to land,
 And a whisky-shop open'd in York.
 Fal de ral, &c.

Just a year after father was dead—
 One night, at five i' th' morn,
 An odd accident happen'd te me,
 For 'twasthen, that myself was first born;

All this, I've been told by my mammy,
 And, surely she'll not tell me wrong,
 But I don't remember nought of it,
 'Caze it happen'd when I were quite
 young. Fal de ral, &c.

On the very same day, the next year,
 (For so ran the story of mother,)
 The same accident happen'd again,
 But not to me then, that were brother;
 So 'twas settled by old father Luke,
 Who dissolv'd all our family lins,
 As we both were born on the same day,
 That we fartinly must have been twins.
Fal de ral, &c.

'Twas agreed I should not go to school,
 As learning I never should want,
 Nor would they e'en teach me to read,
 For my genus they said it would cramp:
 Now this genus of mine,—where it lay,—
 Do but listen a while, and you'll hear—
 'Twas in drawing—not landscapes and pic-
 tures;
 No—mine was for drawing of beer.
Fal de ral, &c.

Some with only one genus are blest,
 But I, it appears, had got two,

For when I had drawn off some beer,
 I'd a genius for drinking it too :
 At last I was drawn up to town,
 Without in my pocket a farden,
 But since I've earn'd many a crown,
 By the shop here in sweet Common
 Garden. Fal de ral, &c.

Now the end of my song's drawing near,
 I'll tell ye---but that's nothing new,
 Now all my ambition's to try,
 And to do what I can, to draw you ;
 In which, if I do not succeed,
 And my efforts beguile you of pain,
 I entreat you'll not wait to be ask'd,
 To come often and see me again.
Fal de ral, &c.

The Woodland Maid.

THE woodland maid, my beauty's queen !
 In Nature's simple charm array'd,
 This heart subdues ;—that matchless mien
 Still binds me to the woodland maid.

Let others sigh for mines of gold,
 For wide domain, for gay parade ;
 I would, unmov'd such toys behold,
 Possess'd of thee, sweet woodland maid.

FINIS.